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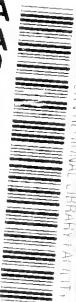
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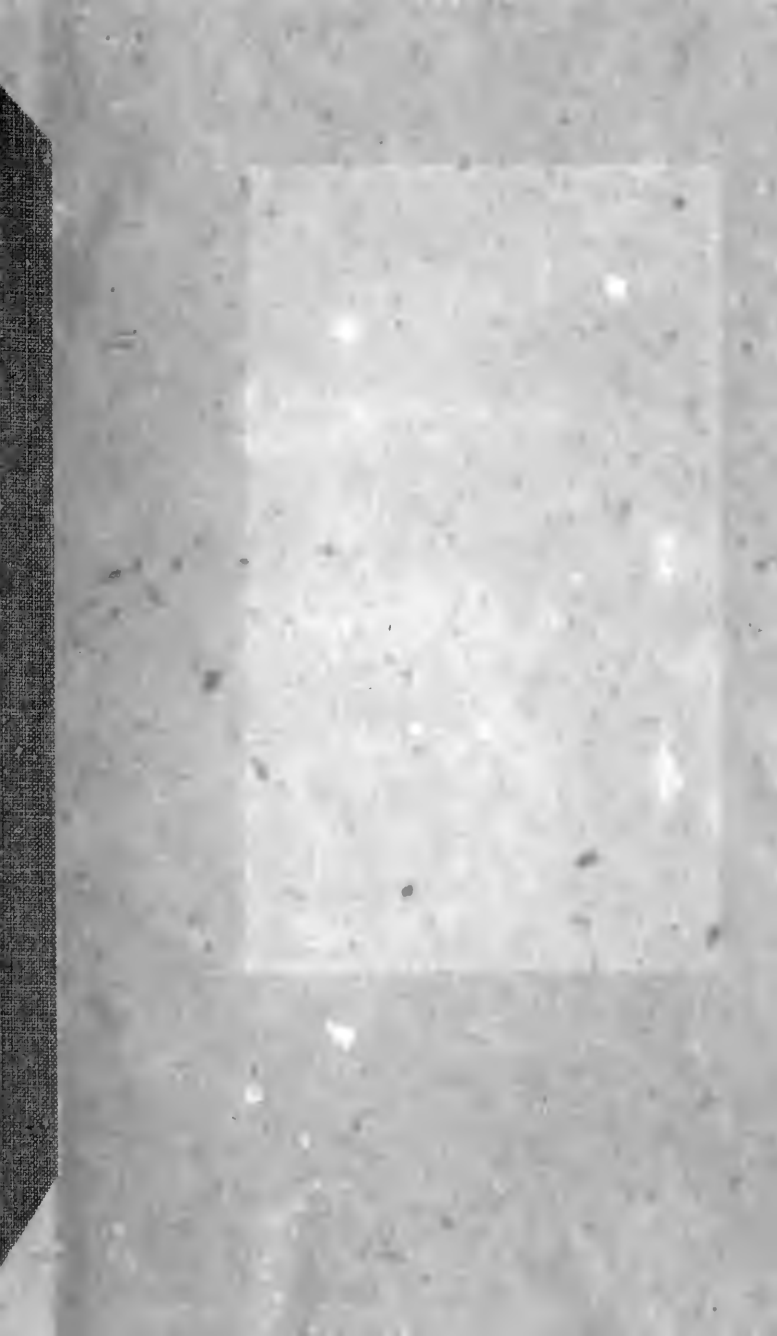
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Poems



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# POEMS.



STANSTED :

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## ECLIPSE OF THE MOON,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1811.

--00--

Heedless, nor thinking of portentous change,  
As oft-time it befalls regardless Man !  
Sudden I saw yon silver queen of Night  
Veil'd in the shadows of our Hemisphere.  
So, I bethought me, fares it with the Soul  
In this her earthly orbit, when her light  
A partial or a total loss sustains  
By this world's near, and baneful influence---  
Her Sun, the Sun of righteousness, with clouds  
And darkness intercepted oft, and seen  
By Man, if seen at all, but through a glass,  
And darkly, as befits this dark estate.  
Time was, when earth without a form and void  
The depths of darkness cover'd ; time shall be  
When neither Sun by day, nor Moon by night

Shall spread their radiance more; but God himself  
To them that sit in darkness shall appear  
In brightness far above the Firmament.  
Soul! thou art born of Heav'n—thither tend,  
Thou must be seven times purified, before  
Thou canst that beatific vision see,  
And bear the light of such effulgency !  
Perhaps those seven fires that wander round  
The centre of this System Solar call'd  
May serve ulterior purpose, to refine  
The dross of thy corruption gendered here---  
And fit thee by gradations apt and meet  
For such exalted privilege, the Muse  
Advent'rous stops her flight, nor dares obtrude  
Within the confines of Eternity.  
Suffice it Thee to know that time employed  
In adoration of thy Maker's works,  
As by his Word enlightened leads to him;  
They all proclaim him infinite, and That  
Assures thee, He is light ineffable,  
“ Shining in darkness, comprehended not.”

# COMET,

OCTOBER 19TH, 1811.

---000---

O! Thou bright stranger of some distant sphere,  
Where other systems circle other suns  
With train of stars concomitant—What means  
Thy transitory Perihelion?

Art thou a messenger of ill to a world,  
(Like this our earthly): for uncanceled sin  
Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire,  
And sent to warn the nations of their own  
Appointed destiny, if unrevoked  
By timely penitence; the wrath divine?

Or may I hail thee minister of good?  
For such thy temp'rate influence, and suns  
Of warmth congenial, speak thee—Which e'en now  
Have filled our garners plenteously with store,

Our hearts with gladness—Such at least, as lift  
An upward thought ! and in the lavish boon  
Which nature on the lap of autumn pours  
The Lord of nature recognise,—the source  
And giver of each good and perfect gift,  
Father of lights invariable ! who knows  
No shadow of a turn, but sits unchang'd  
O'er all his works, or fixt or mutable  
With providential care, alike intent,  
Who calling by its name each number'd star  
For ever and for ever made them fast—  
Yea, e'en to thee, whose course erratical  
Above all rule appears unlimited,  
A law is given which thou can'st not break.  
To thee, as once to Jordan, and as still  
Unto the swelling and impetuous surge  
He saith “ thus far, no farther shalt thou go”  
And here shall thy eccentric course return.

Farewell then warning visitor,—a wish  
Still farther to prolong thy stay, might seem  
Presumptuous, and tempting him, whose arm  
Upholds the universe—Whose mercy still

Waits to be gracious, and rebellious man  
By loving kindness to repentance leads;

But mercies oft renew'd, abus'd as oft,  
Bring condign vengeance down! Philosophy  
Long since conject'ring hazarded a thought  
Of such instrumentality employ'd  
For our destruction—and it may be so,  
If such be heav'ns behest, and firm decree.

Yet seek not thou, O mortal! to be wise  
Above that which is written—wisdom dwells  
With lowliness, and leads thee soberly  
In acceptable works, avoiding all  
Unfruitful disputations of this world,  
And babblings about science falsely called.  
For hardly dost thou guess aright at things  
That are on earth; and hast thou searched out  
The heavenly, or known the will of God?  
Muse not on many things to weigh thee down;  
That which is needful think on—justice do  
Love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God;  
Then at his second coming, which shall be  
(So the sure word of Prophecy declares)

As is the nightly thief—thyself shalt shine  
As now the stars of heaven, thy righteousness  
Clear as the noon-day sun, no, not thine own,  
But that imparted freely, in his son  
For thee accomplished, imputation full  
As sin from Adam, fitted to thy need,  
When in that awful presence shall appear  
Thy nakedness, in which no living man  
Is justified, and heav'n itself unclean !  
Oh ! then be timely wise, await the day  
WHEN it imports not thee, which not a star,  
Such as from eastern climes the Magi once  
To Beth'lem's manger led, but worlds on fire  
And elements in fervent heat dissolv'd,  
Shall signify as great and terrible ;  
When ev'ry grave shall open, and the sea  
Give up her dead, and all that are therein  
Shall hear the universal call, " Come forth".  
To them that good have done, Eternal life !  
To evil doers Everlasting fire !

TRANSLATION  
FROM  
A LATIN POEM BY MILTON.

---

Sad in my soul, and solitary too,  
In silence musing o'er the work of woe  
Which Libitina's unrelenting hand,  
Had wrought o'er England's desolated land ;  
When late extending her sepulchral torch,  
With fearful glare around the marble porch ;  
She crossed the gilded threshold of the state,  
And mowed down many of the wise and great.  
Witness thou Chieftain, and thou reverend sire,  
Consigned untimely to the funeral pyre,  
Witness those warriors with the blest above,  
Mourned by all Belgia's consecrating love.  
But chiefly thee, great Prelate, I deplore,

Thine own Wintonia's glory heretofore  
Dissolved in tears, --- could tears thy pity move,  
Death ! thou stern herald of Tartàrean Jove,  
'Tis not enough thy wrath the forests feel,  
The fields lie waste by thy devouring steel,  
The lily withers at thy fatal touch,  
And roses fade around the Cyprian couch .  
Nor wilt thou spare contiguous oaks to shade  
The streamlet's current, in the watery glade;  
Full many a bird that swims the liquid sky,  
Though bearing omens thence, must fall, and die,  
Yea, beasts of prey that nightly skirt the wood,  
And den-fed monsters mute of Proteus brood.  
Insatiate power ! why claim dominion more?  
Why deep imbrue thine hands in human gore?  
Why speed thine arrows to the noble breast?  
And drive the Demigod's great soul to rest?



ON  
VISITING CHARLOTTE'S GRAVE,

*Close to the Font in STOUGHTON CHURCH, with the  
Rev. J. SARGENT, who had baptized her only  
a month before her decease.*

---

How short the time ! how sure the power to save,  
Behold ! the font the passage to the grave ;  
How great the privilege ! at once to go,  
To bliss above, without offence below.  
Glory be thine ! Thou favoured child of grace ;  
The prize obtained, ere yet commenced the race ;  
Not length of days, but innocence thine age,  
And life unspotted, all thy pilgrimage ;  
No staff thou needest, no chastising rod,  
Thy peace unbroken, is the peace of God  
Past understanding—for to such is given  
Abundant entrance by the Lord of Heaven—  
“ His Name be hallow'd ” o'er thy early tomb,  
His will accomplished, and His “ kingdom come ! ”

*November, 1813,*

## MY MOTHER'S OAK.

---

Maternal Oak ! whose num'rous offspring share  
The sap and nurture of thy fost'ring care !  
Wider and wider as thy branches shoot,  
Fed from the substance of the parent root,  
Oh ! may no storms thy sacred shades assail—  
Nor rolling years to prostrate thee prevail !  
No felling axe thy moss-grown bark invade—  
Nor torn thy suckers by the delving spade†.  
Time's crooked scythe that smooths the turf below,  
Must spare untouch'd each fond and filial bough.  
Or, should their budding twigs in dust be laid,  
Thine evening trunk would cast a length'ning shade.  
Thou, like the Teil-tree (of prophetic fame),  
In life or death wouldst vegetate the same ;  
For Wisdom's summer maketh winter sage,  
And trees of righteousness are green in age ;  
Such may be seen—aye planted here below,  
Lopp'd for enlargement, cut down to grow ;  
Oaks—from whose "substance in themselves," proceed  
"When cast their leaves," and dead—AN HOLY SEED."†

† Isaiah vi. 13.

DENHAM PARSONAGE,

*Good Friday, 1821.*

TO  
LADY OLIVIA SPARROW.

---

Thanks to Providence, whose care  
Peculiarly the Sparrows are ;  
That one, in this degenerate age,  
Tho' dwelling in a golden cage,  
And dignified by noble birth,  
Should stoop to birds of meaner worth.  
How many on the bushes hop,  
Or twitter on the houses top,  
And sit in solitude aloof,  
Beneath the humble cottage roof;  
And gather up the scanty crumb,  
Where cold and penury benumb !  
Oh ! think of these, and did they know  
The dangers of the topmost bough,  
Contentment oft'ner would be found  
With birds upon the lowly ground.  
No cause have creatures to complain,  
Since Godliness to all is gain ;  
And most to those, to whom assigned  
With high estate an humble mind,  
With means and inclination blest,  
To build the needy sparrow's nest.

*Grosvenor Square,  
Jan. 1813.*

TO  
MILLICENT.

---

As trifling sorrows and fictitious woe,  
Like shallow currents, make a noise and flow,  
While serious grief its silence cannot break,  
Deep and expansive as the mountain lake;  
Crowds of acquaintance, with impetuous zeal,  
Pour forth compassion faster than they feel;  
But that which sympathetic friendship knows,  
Fills up its measure 'ere its stream o'erflows.  
Thus have I made Olivia's sorrows mine,  
And mourned in secret, Millicent, for thine.  
Methought, when Bowdler's plighted spirit fled,  
With torch inverted from a bridal bed;  
His fate untimely might suffice to shew,  
How vain all hope of happiness below;  
But heedless still of man's uncertain doom,  
I read its record stamp't on Robert's tomb!

*Aix La Chapelle,*  
*Oct. 1818.*

## ON TWO TREES

CHAINED TOGETHER IN A GARDEN,

AT

KENSINGTON GORE.

---

How close the links of pleasure and of pain !  
What ! in thy garden, WILBERFORCE, a chain ?  
Has grace redeemed the bondage of thy soul  
That thou e'en nature's freedom shouldst controul ?  
Say, wast thou born thy fellow men to free,  
And canst thou, tyrant man, enslave a tree ?  
As trees by fruit, so men by works we prove,  
Can chains consist with liberty and love ?  
Yes, there's a chain whose properties you know,  
Restraint and freedom can at once bestow ;  
Enlarge the captive, fix the wand'ring mind,  
The free-born soul in gen'rous fetters bind,  
Of jarring principles, the kindred tie,  
All-hoping, all-believing Charity.  
This, wondrous paradox ! when weak is strong,  
This, royal privilege ! can do no wrong,  
This re-unites,—thus ending every strife,  
The Tree of Knowledge with the Tree of Life.

*May 30, 1814.*

LINES,  
ADDRESSED TO THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS,  
WITH LLOYD'S HISTORY OF CAMBRIA,

*In which his Predecessor, SULIEN, is recorded as "the godliest  
and wisest Man, and the greatest Clerk in all Wales."*

---

By Nature's law, as long experience shews,  
In cultured fields the richest harvest grows;  
Where PAUL had planted, with successful toil,  
APOLLOS watered the Corinthian soil;  
Thus SULIEN ploughed Menevia's favored plain,  
Where BURGESS gathers up the Gospel grain—  
Departed Saint ! thy patriarchal name  
Historians consecrate to deathless fame,  
And would we still thy living pattern see,  
We look, ST. DAVID, look again to thee;  
Long may thy shrine possess the power to save,  
And give new life, like old Elisha's grave.

## SULIEN BISHOP OF MYNYW.

---

“ In the year 1080 died SULIEN Bishop of Mynyw, the wisest  
“ of the Britons, and excellent for his religious life, after  
“ the most prise-worthy instruction of his disciples, and the  
“ most accurate teaching of his parishes, in the 80th year of  
“ his age, and the 19th of his consecration, on the night of  
“ the calends of January.— See *Johannis Sulgeni versus  
Hexametri in laudem patris Sulgeni Menevensis Archie-  
piscopi. E Codice MS. Cottoniano.*

---

For wisdom's merchandise far famed of yore,  
The mitred SULIEN sought Hibernia's shore ;  
But winds obedient to divine command,  
His course diverted to Albanian land .  
There had a wiser Providence designed,  
With grace and truth to sanctify his mind,  
There strong in faith, and unto God alive ,  
He sucked the honey of the sacred hive :  
There smote that stony rock, whence issuing flow,  
Life-giving streams to thirsty saints below ;  
There learned labour with assiduous toil,  
Consumed the day, nor spared the midnight oil ;  
Till well digested, o'er his native land,  
He poured its treasures with unsparing hand,  
Dividing rightly the pure word of truth  
To helpless age, and inexperienced youth,  
Till king and clown alike, and clerk and lay,  
Were taught with one accord to read and pray.

Thus still thy prelate, Cambria, strives to raise  
On old foundations, monuments of praise,  
Restores the honors which to thee belong,  
And tunes Llewellyn's harp to David's song,  
But chief to Zion true, bestows his care,  
Her walls to build,—her bulwarks to repair;  
By bright example, trains the rising age  
To read in sacred tongue the sacred page;  
From Judah's cistern Christian waters draw,  
And trace the Gospel upwards through the Law.

But oh! Hibernia how reduced thy state!  
Thou, once so favoured by the good and great!  
Now torn by feuds and faction's wild affray,  
Thy shipwrecked faith to Popery falls a prey,  
Or worse than Popery, Egyptian night  
Succeeds in turn to intellectual light;  
A Saviour, once to thee a sacred theme,  
Now named no more, or named but to blaspheme!  
Where is the spirit of thy Primate fled?  
To thee thine Usher speaketh yet though dead.  
Oh might his mantle on some prophet fall,  
Roused in thy cause by Heav'n's immediate call,  
Fell Superstition's gloom would fade away,  
Beneath his bright Religion's bursting ray;  
His Phoenix faith from smothered ashes rise,  
And soar triumphant to its native skies!  
Seasons and times are not with man — no more  
Some future SULLEN still may reach thy shore  
Like Judah's lawgiver stretch forth his rod,  
And lead thy wand'ring Israel back to God.

*Barley Wood, May 9th 1812.*



## THOUGHTS,

*Suggested by a Passage in "DU MOULIN ON PEACE OF  
MIND," on leaving Stansted, to go to Russia,  
23rd July, 1817.*

---

“ Comme l’aiguille du quadran marin, qui se tient si ferme  
“ vers le Nord, sans varier au milieu des plus grandes tempêtes,  
“ se tourne en un instant vers le sud, quand on a passé la ligne  
“ Equinoctiale, et s’y tient avec la même fermeté aussi long  
“ tems qu’elle est dans cette hemisphere. De même celui qui est  
“ sage et homme de bien, est ferme dans ses résolutions tandis  
“ que le devoir l’y oblige; mais si son devoir l’appelle à des  
“ nouvelles résolutions, il sait accommoder sa volonté à son  
“ devoir.”

---

Where cold Arcturus holds his sullen reign,  
And snow-girt whirlwinds sweep the wintry main;  
Turn’d to one object, to one impulse true,  
The faithful needle keeps the north in view;  
But where meridian suns more genial shine,  
And Day and Night divide the burning line,

How quick the transit of magnetic power !  
From north to south, the chang'ling of an hour!  
Direction diverse, but design the same,  
Alike indifferent to frost or flame !  
The Christian thus---once touched by grace divine,  
Steers his strait course by one unerring line ;  
No Siren song his listening ear can charm,  
No tempest terrify, no storms alarm ;  
Where duty summons---leaving all behind,  
His will obeys the magnet of his mind,  
That line transversed---he cannot deviate far,  
Sway'd by the virtue of *his polar star* !  
Though chang'd his course---his tendency is true,  
*His Master's will* to suffer and to do.  
*That will* determines *his* to either pole,  
Constraining Love *the compass of his soul* !

ON THE VESSEL  
WHICH  
CARRIED OUT THE HEBREW TESTAMENT  
FOR THE USE OF  
THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF GOD.

---

Hor. Book i. Ode 3.

---

Ye twin-born stars that shine above,  
With kindred light of life and love,  
Your spheres let rapture fill---  
The precious freight THIS VESSEL bears  
Demands, deserves, your guardian cares,  
Ye pow'rs of Heav'n be still !

For lo ! this richly-freighted bark  
Conveys to regions drear and dark  
The Word a SAVIOUR gave,  
To guide o'er life's tempestuous seas,  
To havens of Eternal peace,  
The soul He died to save.

Tho' severed now by foreign lands,  
Tho' driven like the Syroc sands,  
On Afric's sultry shore ;  
The Shepherd of his chosen few,  
Keeps every sheep distinct in view,  
Till call'd to stray no more

Tis not a false Promethean fire  
That kindles this our hearts desire,  
That GOD would Israel save---  
Tis not on waxen wings we fly,  
Or fear, like Japhet's son, to die,  
And find a wat'ry grave.

No raging fever's burning bed,  
No wasting atrophy we dread,  
In life's uncertain span---  
For not by stolen waters sweet,  
The bread of violence we eat,  
Or fruit forbidden man !

But waters sure to us are given,  
And bread of life is sent from heav'n,

That we may die no more---

Where drifts the Hyperborean snow---

Where Adriatic currents flow---

An all-sufficient store !

Tho' weeping, going on our way,

We hail, by faith, the promis'd day,

When seed in sorrow sown---

Shall surely fix its downward root,

And upwards bearing plenteous fruit,

The reapers labour crown.

Tis no presumptuous flight to scan

The realms prepar'd for fallen man ;

Therein by faith to roam---

Upborn on everlasting arms,

When love divine the Christian warms

He pants to reach his home.

On wings denied to guilt and fear,  
He soars his Father's mansion near,  
And rests in peace above---  
By Wisdom he ascends on high,  
From whence the SON came down to die  
When Wrath was lost in Love !!

*On the Passage to Holland,*  
*Saturday, Aug. 9, 1817.*

---

TO  
CARMICHAEL SMITH, M. D.  
ON  
THE DEATH OF JOHN RAYMOND WAY, ESQ.

---

When nature sinks, could science save,  
When time impairs, could art restore ;  
Thy skill, CARMICHAEL! from the grave  
Had rescued RAYMOND—now no more !

Yet, blessed hope ! the golden bowl  
The silver cord though loosed in twain,  
The great Physician of the soul  
Shall surely reunite again !

HE, by the balm of sov'reign grace,  
Can soften pain and death subdue !  
The just shall see their Maker's face,  
And ALL THEIR SAVIOUR'S GLORY view !

Such was his faith ! such heav'nly aid,  
His staff through life, in death his guide !  
He bless'd his God—his God he pray'd  
To bless mankind—and blessing died !

*August, 1804.*

## P A R A P H R A S E.

---

PSALM CXXXIX.

---

O Lord, thou hast search'd me and known,  
Thou hast kept me by night and by day,  
And whether I rise or lie down,  
Thou hast mark'd and appointed my way.

Thou hast compass'd me round with thy hand,  
Beset me behind and before,  
But I cannot thy ways understand,  
Or such wonderful knowledge explore.

If I climb up the heavenly hills,  
Or descend to the regions below,  
Thy Spirit ubiquity fills,  
Omnipresent wherever I go.



If on wings of the morning I rise,  
And dwell in the uttermost sea,  
Thy Spirit more speedily flies;  
And still I am present with thee.

Peradventure the darkness around,  
As a curtain shall cover my head,  
No darkness in thee can be found,  
The light of my path and my bed.

Light and darkness to thee are the same,  
One pure indivisible ray,  
That shineth by night in a flame  
As clear and as bright as by day.

My voice in thanksgiving I'll raise ---  
How fearful and wonderful too !  
My bones all proclaimed thy praise,  
As fashion'd in secret they grew.

My substance thine eyes did behold,  
When curiously wrought in the earth ;  
In thy book all my members enroll'd  
E're yet they were brought to the birth.

How precious the thought to my soul !

How plenteous thy grace from above !

Can I number the sands as they roll ?

Or count all thy tokens of love ?

Depart all ye wicked—depart,

With one voice all ye righteous accord

To love and to hate with one heart

The friends and the foes of the Lord.

O search me, and spy out my ways !

My secret infirmities know !

And teach me, Thou God of all grace,

In THE WAY EVERLASTING to go !

# ISAIAH.

---

CHAP. lx. 1—9.

---

Arise and shine! thy light is come,  
Behold the rising ray ;  
(Though darkness be the nation's doom)  
Of Israel's glorious day.

O Lord, arise! again be seen,  
Thy gracious presence near ;  
As once the cherubim between  
Thy glory did appear !

The Gentiles, glad to see thy day,  
In Zion take delight ;  
And kings their prostrate homage pay,  
Before thy dawning light.

Lift up, as once to Beth'lem's star,  
Lift up thine eyes and see  
Thy children, gather'd from afar,  
Come bending unto thee.

See how the streams together flow!

Thine heart enlarged, shall fear,  
The seas abundant converts know,  
Their own salvation near.

As thirsts the camel for the spring,  
Shall Midian hear the word,  
Shall Sheba gold and incense bring  
To praise thy name, O Lord!

Nebaioth shall collect her flock,  
And Kedar send her ram,  
To drink the waters of the rock  
Of New Jerusalem,

Accepted ordinances there  
A sanctuary prove;  
As doves returning homewards bear  
Their olive branch of love.

The ships of Tarshish spread their sails,  
To bear the precious freight,  
No weapons against thee prevail,  
On whom the islands wait.

# ISAIAH.

---

CHAP. IX. 10—20,

---

Strangers, O Zion ! build thy wall,  
And sons of royal race ;  
And Lebanon's high cedars fall,  
To beautify the place.

They that afflicted thee shall bow,  
To Israel's budding rod,  
The mighty One of Jacob know,  
Thy Saviour and thy God !

As once, in weak and low estate,  
Forsaken and forlorn :  
So be thine excellency great,  
Through ages yet unborn !

No more shall violence and war,  
Thy sure foundation raze ;  
For, lo ! thy walls salvation are,  
Thy gates eternal praise !

Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,  
Shall brightness give to thee :  
The Lord, thine everlasting light,  
Thy God, thy glory be !

Thy sun shall never more descend,  
Thy moon withdraw her ray ;  
Thy days of mourning have an end,  
Thy sorrows flee away !

Thy branch, the planting of the Lord,  
The work of his own hand,  
Shall, water'd by his gracious word,  
O'ershadow all the land.

The smallest seed, the lowliest tree,  
May fruit eternal bear ;  
Its leaves the nation's healing be,  
If made Jehovah's care !

# ISAIAH.

---

## CHAPTER lxii.

---

For Zion's sake I will not rest,  
I will not hold my peace,  
Until Jerusalem be blest  
And Judah dwell at ease.

Until her righteousness return  
As day break after night ;  
The lamp of her salvation burn  
With everlasting light.

The Gentiles shall her glory see,  
And kings declare her fame ;  
Appointed unto her shall be  
A new and holy name.

The Lord upholds her with his hand,  
And claims her for his own ;  
The diadem of Judah's land,  
The glory of his crown.

The watchmen on her walls appear,  
And day and night proclaim,  
“ Zion’s deliverance is near,  
“ Make mention of her name.”

Go through, go through, prepare the way,  
The gates wide open spread ;  
The standard of the people raise,  
To glorious triumph led.

In ev’ry clime, through ev’ry land,  
Proclaim the joyful word ;  
“ The holy people are at hand,  
“ Redeemed of the Lord.”



# Z E C H A R I A H.

---

## CHAPTER X.

---

We seek thy mercy, bounteous Lord !  
We plead the promise of thy word !  
We ask—nor let us ask in vain  
The latter, as the former rain.

Lift up the Gospel's cheering voice,  
Let Israel hear it and rejoice ;  
And send again, thou God of love,  
Thy blessed unction from above.

May Gilead's balm the wounds assuage  
Of Asshur's persecuting rage  
And Joseph's flocks again lie down  
Beneath the shade of Lebanon.

Say to the river deeps—" be dry !"   
And make the foes of Israel fly ;  
Oh, lay the proud Assyrian low,  
And break the strength of Egypt's bow.

.

The raging waves behold and fear,  
To see thy great salvation near ;  
And rise as swelling mountains high,  
To make the path of Israel dry.

Protected by thy mighty name,  
From which their cov'nant mercies came,  
They walk obedient to thy word,  
And call Jehovah Jesus—Lord !

HANOVER, *Oct.* 1817.

REVIVAL  
OF  
THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

---

EZEK, Chap. xxxvii, 4—14.

---

Bones of Israel ! ye that lie  
In the valley, dead and dry,  
Hear the word of prophecy !  
Breath shall enter you again---  
Bone and sinew, flesh and skin,  
Live, ye members dead in sin.

Hark ! a noise ! a sudden sound !  
Bone with bone, together found,  
Shake, and stand upon the ground !  
Mark the sinews how they play !  
See the flesh and skin o'erlay,  
Growing limbs of human clay.

Breath alone is needed now,  
Come, O breath! and quickly blow!  
Life, thy precious gift bestow;  
    Hark! the elements are stirr'd,  
    Rapid as prophetic word,  
    Mighty rushing winds are heard.

Hopeless lately, and forlorn,  
Scatter'd as the dust in scorn,  
Lo! at once a Nation born!  
    See the graves that open stand!  
    See the mighty martial band!  
    Homeward march to holy land.

Sport of death! and food of worms!  
Such—the living Spirit warms;  
GOD who promises---performs!

EPISCOPAL JEWS CHAPEL,  
    *Opened 1814.*

# J O S H U A.

---

Z E C H A R I A H, Chap. iii.

---

Before J E H O V A H Joshua stood,  
Defiled by sin and stain'd with blood,  
Close at his right hand Satan too,  
More subtle when concealed from view,

His foul devices plann'd.

When lo! the Lord's severe rebuke,  
The Tempter's deadly purpose shook;  
Jerusalem, J E H O V A H's choice,  
Hears the R E D E E M E R's angel voice,

“And is not this a brand

“Pluck'd from the fire?” oh! hear him say;

“The filthy garments take away,

“Set on his head a mitre fair,

“His clothing such as Levites wear,

And holiness his crown.”

A robe of righteousness divine,  
Thou poor polluted soul is thine,  
With gospel preparation shod,  
Thy feet shall keep the courts of God,  
His house, his charge thine own.

Hear now, O! Joshua, thou and thine  
Knit in one fellowship divine.  
“Men that are wondered at” like thee,  
The branch brought forth, my servant see  
Of Jesse’s stem the rod.  
The stone with seven eyes inlaid  
Shines on the debt to justice paid!  
Light and perfection “in one day”  
Remove iniquity away,  
And cleanse the soul for God.  
Come then, my neighbour, and recline  
Beneath the fig tree and the vine;  
The Lord of Hosts invites—And HE  
That spake to Joshua, speaks to thee!  
Only believe his Word.  
His righteousness, and love, and light,  
Shall robe thy soul in raiment white;  
And thou, redeemed and bought by blood,  
Shalt stand where holy Joshua stood,  
In presence of the Lord!

PORTSEA, 23rd August, 1822.

# WHITSUNDAY.

---

ZECH. x. I. JOEL ii. 23. JOHN iv. 35. GEN .viii, 22.

PSALM lxxv.

---

Ask ye the Lord for timely rain,  
When brighter clouds appear ;  
When grass upon the desert plain  
Betokens summer near.

As once in seed time's vernal day,  
When the disciples prayed,  
Shot forth the spiritual ray  
To rear the Gospel blade.

'Tis thus in harvest time decreed  
To swell the teeming grain,  
To pour on Abraham's " holy seed "  
The streams of latter rain."

" The former " in appointed hour,  
And " moderately " fell  
As drops before a plenteous shower  
To water Israel !

“ Look on the fields already white,”

“ Lift up your eyes and see !”

Behold by faith, if not by sight,

The Christian husbandry,

“ Seed time and harvest ” shall endure ;

Doth nature's boon remain ?

“ The word of prophecy more sure ”

To Judah's scattered grain !

“ While earth remains,” shall summer's sun

Succeed to winter's cold ?

Shall days and nights alternate run

Their course decreed of old ?

And shall not grace at length appear ?

Accomplishing the word,

That crowns with goodness all the year,

Accepted of the Lord,

“ O God ! thou visiteth the earth,”

Praise waiteth thy command !

Enrich it after days of dearth,

And water all the land !



Thy river, Lord, is full above,  
From its own rich supply;  
Oh ! let it overflow with love  
On wildernesses dry !

The pastures of the parched plain,  
And every little hill,  
The ridges with reviving rain,  
The thirsty furrows fill !

“ O Thou, that hearest prayer ! ” to thee  
All flesh at length shall come !  
O ! still the noisy raging sea,  
O ! bring thy people home !

Clothe thine own flock, so rudely shorn,  
Clothe them thou Shepherd King !  
“ The vallies standing thick with corn,  
“ Shall shout for joy, shall sing.”

*June, 1821.*

## J O N A H.

---

By reason of affliction sore,  
Disquieted in heart I roar,  
    In belly of the grave!  
The Lord has cast my troubled soul  
Where all his waves and billows roll!  
    O Lord, thy servant save!

Compassed about with waters wide,  
The weeds, the sport of every tide,  
    Are wrapt around my head,  
Down in the mountains of the sea,  
My fainting soul remembers thee,  
    O raise me from the dead!

I look towards that Holy Place,  
Where sinners find a throne of grace,  
    And there I fix my eyes.  
My vows unto the Lord I'll pay,  
And there upon his altar lay  
    My willing sacrifice!

*Sept. 1821.*

M I C H A E L :  
OR  
THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER  
IN THE CONCERNS OF  
THE CHURCH.

---

As Jacob wrestled with the Lord  
From eve 'till break of day ;  
Till wounded by the piercing word,  
His sinew shrank away :      Gen. xxxii. 24.

Thus let us strive in prayer to God,  
For Jacob's scatter'd race ;  
Till he restrain the chast'ning rod,  
And grant his promis'd grace.

Before JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
When Daniel bent his knee,  
God sent a burning seraph down,  
And answer'd instantly.      Dan. ix, 3, 21.

How quick the days appointed run !  
For prayer is never vain ;  
And God's eternal purpose done,  
The vision speaketh plain.

The great Archangel's trump shall blow,  
The people's Prince shall stand ;  
And Michael, in the time of woe,  
Deliver Israel's land.

The dead shall hear, the earth shall quake,  
The foolish and the wise ;  
Many that sleep therein awake,  
To shame or honour rise !

They shall in glorious radiance burn,  
As stars of heavenly ray ;  
Bright as the firmament, who turn  
Unrighteousness away. Dan. xii. 1, 3.

The power of prayer dissolved the band  
Of Herod's royal chain,  
When four quaternions took their stand,  
And watched the door in vain.

How calm the blest apostle's sleep !  
His slumbers how profound !  
(How blest, whom guardian angels keep !)  
Between two soldiers bound.

See ! at the shining herald's word,  
The chains fall off his hands ;  
While open, of its own accord,  
The prison portal stands. Acts. xii.

Thus will the Lord's appointed day,  
A sleeping world surprise ;  
When " clothed upon " in bright array,  
The dead in Christ shall rise.

When " raging waves " of foaming shame  
And " wandering stars " appear ;  
Trees " twice dead, plucked up " proclaim  
His awful advent near.

Then, ye beloved of the Lord,  
Pray—without ceasing pray ;  
Built up in faith, believe his word,  
And hasten on the day. Jude. 20.

He will preserve your hearts from fear,  
Your feet from every fall ;  
The presence of his glory near,  
For Christ is All in All.

Oh ! may the Great Deliverer rise  
Who fought at Moses' tomb ;  
Loud hallelujahs rend the skies,  
And seal the Dragon's doom !      Jude 9.

Jude, Peter, Jacob, Daniel, prove  
The power of fervent prayer ;  
And ye, Jerusalem who love,  
Oh ! make her peace your care.

Pray to the Lord with instant voice,  
His outcasts to restore ;  
Ye with his remnant shall rejoice,  
When " time shall be no more ! "

---

*Suggested by the Lessons of the Day, Sept. 29, 1817,  
on the Road to Hanover.*

# BORODINO.

.....

TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ALEXANDER,  
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

.....

“Les Russes ont mis le feu à Moscou, pour que le  
“ martyr d’une ville sainte, sauva le monde Chrétien.”

*Madame de Stael*, vol. i. p. 406.

---

Hor. Lib. i. Ode 2.

---

Enough of storm and wintry blast !  
For lo ! the tyranny is past,

NAPOLEON meets his doom ;  
Witness, ye piles of frozen slain !  
That burn on BORODINO’S plain,  
Infatuate GALLIA’S tomb.

Provoked by her infuriate pride,  
The Russian turns the battle's tide,  
As oft in days of old.

No more to foreign foe he paid,  
The tribute once by Tartar laid  
For safety bought with gold.

Let KRASNOI say, ---KALOUGA tell,  
How many thousands fought and fell  
Beneath the cannon's roar ;  
The forest and the flood declare,  
The prey of famine and despair,  
How many thousands more.

E'en nature turns against the man,  
Who dares denounce her ordered plan,  
With murderous intent ;  
Commissioned by the angry north,  
The snow-girt whirlwind rushes forth,  
On summary vengeance sent .



In vain the timely warning came,  
Of foul defeat, and future shame  
    That lurked unseen behind ;  
Ambition has nor eye nor ear,  
Till swift reverse awaken fear,  
    Her votary is blind !

While first invoking Nature's GOD,  
Whose mercy swayed the chast'ning rod,  
    Ere yet the conflict cease,  
The Monarch of the frigid zone,  
Upholding his Imperial throne,  
    Anticipated Peace !

What if the venerable wall  
Of Kremlin's crested turret fall  
    In one ill-fated hour,  
No sudden unpropitious blaze  
The consecrated vault shall raze,  
    Of IVAN'S gilded tower.

No flame shall touch KALITA'S shrine,  
Where Czars and Patriarchs recline  
Each in his marble bed,  
And chaunted oft the solemn rite,  
Where silver lamp, and taper, light  
The living, and the dead.

The cross, the glittering belfry bore,  
The sacrilegious victor tore,  
And grasped an empty fame ;  
Nor sooner won the golden toy,  
Than Moscow mocked his frantic joy,  
In martyrdom, and flame !

Posterity had yet to learn  
How domes and palaces could burn,  
Invaded by a Gaul ;  
How soon in fortune's fickle hour,  
A tyrant's maddening giddy power  
Accelerates his fall .

Mantled in clouds of driven snow  
See the reluctant recreant go,  
    A wretched life to save!  
The few that cover his retreat,  
Fall intercepted at his feet  
    In BEREZINA'S wave .

For scarcely cross'd the fatal flood,  
Than wreckless of his comrades blood,  
    He blew the bridge in air !  
Oh ! what a look he cast behind,  
Could horror fill up such a mind,  
    Its plenitude was there !

The wreck of the deserted crew,  
With torpid limbs and livid hue,  
    Proclaim from whence they come ;  
Or bound in icy chains they lie,  
Or driven by the whirlwind fly  
    To reach their native home.

Contagion follows close behind,  
And fever burns in ev'ry wind,  
    The mark of wrath divine;  
The step of death's impetuous dance,  
Recoils upon imperial France,  
    And desolates the Rhine.

But not th' Æmathian's vaunted name,  
Nor WASHINGTON, thy well-earned fame,  
    With brighter lustre shine;  
Than his who in disastrous hour,  
Placed not his trust in human power,  
    But Providence divine.

Born of ROMANOW's sainted race,  
Imperial CZAR! in THINE we trace  
    An origin above;  
Born of the spirit and the word,  
Truth shall thy christian deeds record,  
    As works of faith and love.

O may thy gracious soul recieve  
The tribute rescued nations give ;  
    May no discordant strife,  
Nor civil or domestic broil  
Defeat thy patriotic toil,  
    Or seek thy sacred life !

PATRIARCH PRINCE ! thy lengthened days  
May triumph end, and endless praise ;  
    And may the impious Gaul  
As oft as he shall dare invade  
In warfare's storm, or treason's shade,  
    As often prostrate fall.

CAN ELBA chain the restless mind  
That lords in thought o'er all mankind,  
    And scorns a pigmy reign ?  
What means shall thwart the mighty plan ?  
O WELLINGTON ! be thou the man,  
    And WATERLOO the plain ?

Yet, HOWARD ! where thy bones are laid,  
Imperial tribute shall be paid

From Cæsar's liberal store ;\*

Friend of humanity, like thee,

Cæsar to set the captive free,

Unbars the prison door !

“ Prisoners of hope ! ” to whom belong

The promises of sacred song ;

“ Lift up your eyes and see,”

Jerusalem in bonds below !

At length—thy great DELIVERER know,

Like that above—be free !

\* THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER visited the grave of HOWARD, during his journey to the Southern Provinces of Russia, and ordered a monument to be erected on the spot to the memory of this distinguished philanthropist. His Imperial Majesty had apportioned a tract of land in the adjoining district as an Asylum for converted Jews.—See *Imperial Ukases, dated St. Petersburg, Easter Sunday, 25th March, 1817.*

Ye bones that in the valley shake,  
The bands of death and darkness break,

Start up to life anew !

The voice that calls the captive forth,  
Says, to the CYRUS of the north,

“ Come—I have called you !” \*

Nor Britons only leave their isle,

That Freedom’s animating smile

May cheer the dungeon’s gloom ;

But soon the SAVIOUR’S face divine,

On each imprisoned soul shall shine,

And speak his “ KINGDOM COME !”

\* ISAIAH, CHAP. XLI.

25.—“ I HAVE RAISED UP ONE FROM THE

“ NORTH, AND HE SHALL COME.”

“ J’appellerai du septentrion votre LIBERATEUR.”

*Fr. Trans.*

27.—“ I WILL GIVE TO JERUSALEM ONE

“ THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS.”

# S O N N E T,

TO

O. B. S.

---

As once, OLIVIA ! with submission mild,  
Thou didst to God resign thy darling child ;  
Again to sooth a tender parent's care,  
He grants another to thy fervent prayer !

Bids thee by faith in foreign regions roam,  
To give thee love, and joy, and peace at home ;  
Leads thee about new lessons to supply,  
And keeps thee "as the apple of his eye!"

In mercy chasten'd—by privation proved,  
He shines through clouds on one HE ever loved ;  
Oh ! may his favour make THE CHOSEN YOUTH  
A Son in Spirit, and a Saint in Truth !  
Thus be to thee A DOUBLE BLESSING given,  
A Child of God on earth—of Man in Heaven !

*Sept. 3, 1822.*



## A PERSIAN TALE.

---

“ A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the  
“ sea, and finding itself lost in such an im-  
“ mensity of fluid matter, broke out into the  
“ following reflection :—‘ Alas, what an insig-  
“ nificant creature I am in this prodigious  
“ ocean of water; my existence is of no con-  
“ cern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind  
“ of nothing, I am less than the least of the  
“ works of God.’ It so happened that an oyster,  
“ which lay in the neighbourhood of the drop,  
“ chanced to gape and swallow it up, in the  
“ midst of this soliloquy. The drop (says the  
“ fable) lay a great while hardening in the  
“ shell, till by degrees, it was ripened into a  
“ pearl, which is fixed at the top of the Per-  
“ sian Diadem.”—SPECTATOR, No. 293.

# THE JEWEL DROP.

---

2 CORINTHIANS, Chap. iv. 7.

“ WE HAVE THIS TREASURE IN EARTHEN (*Greek*,  
Testaceous, or Oyster Shell) VESSELS.”

---

A drop descending from a cloud  
On oceans foaming spray,  
Envelop'd in a wat'ry shroud  
Of rolling billows lay.

But He—whose path is in the sea,  
Whose footsteps are not known,  
Who “gave the waters his decree,”  
And calls the deep his own.

The Spirit, brooding o'er the face  
Of all the liquid main,  
Assigns to every drop its place,  
Within the wide domain.

This little drop of heavenly dew,

Tho' lost to sight and sense,

Protected like a chosen few

By special providence :

Became a goodly Jewel rare,

Such as the Merchant sought :

Which having found with all his care,

He sold his all and bought.

An Eastern Monarch then surveyed

The glory of the gem,

And placed THE PEARL, its purchase paid,

On Persia's diadem !



#### APPLICATION.

A chosen vessel, Scripture saith,

Idolatrous and blind,

Received a drop of precious faith

Salvation to mankind.

Less than the least in mortal eyes,  
To whom like grace is given,  
The faithful find THE PEARL OF PRICE,  
The Jewel Drop of Heaven.

The gift that cometh from above,  
All who possess it know,  
Is given by constraining love,  
To lay the lofty low.

Exalted to the stars on high,  
And near the throne of God;  
See faithful Abraham's children fly  
Before his chas'tning rod.

Oh ! what a destiny is theirs,  
On seas of wrath to roam ;  
And roll along revolving years,  
Without a house or home.

When swelling billows in the soul  
Rebellious passions raise,  
A word ! omnipotent controul,  
Can turn from wrath to praise.

And see, 'mid regions drear, and dark  
The dawn of hope begin ;  
A window opens in the ark,  
To take the wanderer in.

That vessel bears the royal gem,  
All Ophir could not buy ;  
The ransom requisite for them,  
The pearl of charity.

The genuine signet of the court  
Of Israel's future throne,  
When Sheba shall again resort  
To visit Solomon.

From sorrow then shall all rejoice,  
The blind, the lame, shall come,  
The chief of nations raise their voice,  
And shout " the Remnant home."

The Lord shall save them in that day,  
The people of his flock,  
" As stones upon a crown " are they,  
His ensign on the rock.

For Thou, Jerusalem! shalt bear  
The Sceptre and the Rod!  
“A crown of glory” shalt thou wear,  
The Diadem of God!

---

*April 24, 1813.*

*April 24, 1821.*

---

ISAIAH lxii. 3.—ZECH. ix. 16,—MAL. iii. 17.

## RECOLLECTION.

---

When late in Israel's sacred cause  
I felt my spirit burn,  
To vindicate JEHOVAH's laws,  
Ordaining their return.

Without were fightings, fears within,  
And Satan at my side ;  
In holy work, indwelling sin,  
In humble duty, pride.

But where iniquity abounds  
And presses down the soul,  
'Tis there the Gospel promise sounds,  
" My grace shall make thee whole."

What canst thou do vain-glorious worm,  
To set this people free ?  
JEHOVAH will his work perform,  
And asks not aid of thee.

I bowed beneath the chast'ning rod,  
I bowed, and was forgiven;  
I found within a present God,  
And caught a glimpse of Heav'n.

*May* 13, 1813.



THE  
RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

---

AN ALLEGORY.

---

Of nature wild and plumage dark,  
Apostate man beware !  
The Raven when he left the ark  
No more returned there.

Condemned to wander to and fro,  
No rest his foot could find ;  
Nor bent as yet the cloudy bow,  
In mercy to mankind !

But Noah the returning Dove  
With out-stretch'd arm took in ;  
As Christ's constraining sov'reign love  
Reclaims the soul from sin !

But when the waters were assuaged  
When wrath was lost in love !  
When wind and storm no longer raged  
The Raven met the Dove.

Tho' birds diversified in kind,  
Both swim the summer sky,  
Both spread their plumes to serve mankind,  
When all the land is dry.

For each doth Mercy's message bring,  
One bears a Prophet food !  
And one descends on heav'nly wing  
O'er Jordan's holy flood !

Oh ! Saviour, hear the ravens cry,  
Thou watchest o'er their nest ;  
Oh ! teach them like the dove to fly  
Away and be at rest !

The measured ARK, tho' work divine,  
Could e'en a cubit span ;  
No rule the length and breadth of thine  
The depth and height can scan !

All nations shall adore thy name,  
Nor Gentiles wandering rove,  
When Jews returning home proclaim  
The triumph of thy love !

And who are these ? a rising cloud  
That skirts yon eastern sky,  
As Doves upon the vessel's shroud  
That to their windows fly ?

See where they float on silver wing,  
And feathers bright with gold  
As once by Zion's PROPHET KING  
In psalmody foretold.

Kings with their armies routed flee,  
Before IMMANUEL'S throne ;  
And eastern monarchs bow the knee  
At JESU'S Name alone !

For thus "should every tongue confess  
"That JESUS CHRIST is LORD,"  
And all creation join to bless  
The once incarnate WORD !

No more with parti-coloured ray,  
The sevenfold bow be seen,  
But round about the throne display  
A sight of EMERALD green !

For He that maketh " ALL THINGS NEW,"  
That sits upon the throne ;  
His voice in " faithful words and true "  
Proclaimeth " IT IS DONE !"

*Sept. 15, 1822*

## THE NATIVITY.

---

Refulgent orb! sov'reign of day and light,  
And thou, pale Cynthia, queen of gloomy night!  
Ye countless stars—ye creatures of his word,,  
Hail and adore your universal Lord!  
O'er all, his presence graciously presides,  
His spirit animates, his wisdom guides,  
Whose hands have fashioned them—to man alone  
He gave his dearest gift, his only Son;  
A God incarnate comes from sin to save,  
His form a servant, and his doom a grave!

For ah! no purple stole, no regal state,  
No worldly pomps THE PRINCE OF PEACE await;  
No vaulted roofs with acclamations ring,  
Proclaiming Jesus, born as Judah's king!  
Nor trump, nor clarion tell the mystery done,  
When David's Lord appears as David's Son!  
A lowly manger is the SAVIOUR's bed,  
Whilst wondering spirits watch around his head!  
No mortal strains triumphant notes prolong,  
But choirs celestial chant his natal song.

And lo! what gifts are these? what eastern sage  
Has found "the father of the future age,"  
And brings to him, whom Bosor's seer foretold,  
Arabian myrrh, and frankincense, and gold?  
No priests of Aaron's tribe, no prophets kneel,  
To venerate their holy child Immanuel;  
But star-led Magi prostrate now adore  
The God by Pagan rites profaned before;  
Meanwhile, astonished by a glorious light,  
Shepherds there were, watching their flocks by night,  
To whom the Angel of the Lord appears,  
And thus addressing, quelled their rising fears:  
" Tidings of good, and joy to you I bring---  
" To you is born this day, A SAVIOUR KING!  
" To Bethlehem haste—in David's town behold  
" Fulfilled at length, the prophecy of old.  
" Would you a sign? then Bethlehem's manger see,  
" For that's the place of CHRIST's nativity!"  
He spake---anon the heavenly host began,  
Be " peace on earth " (for thus the message ran),  
" Glory to God on high, goodwill to man!"

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